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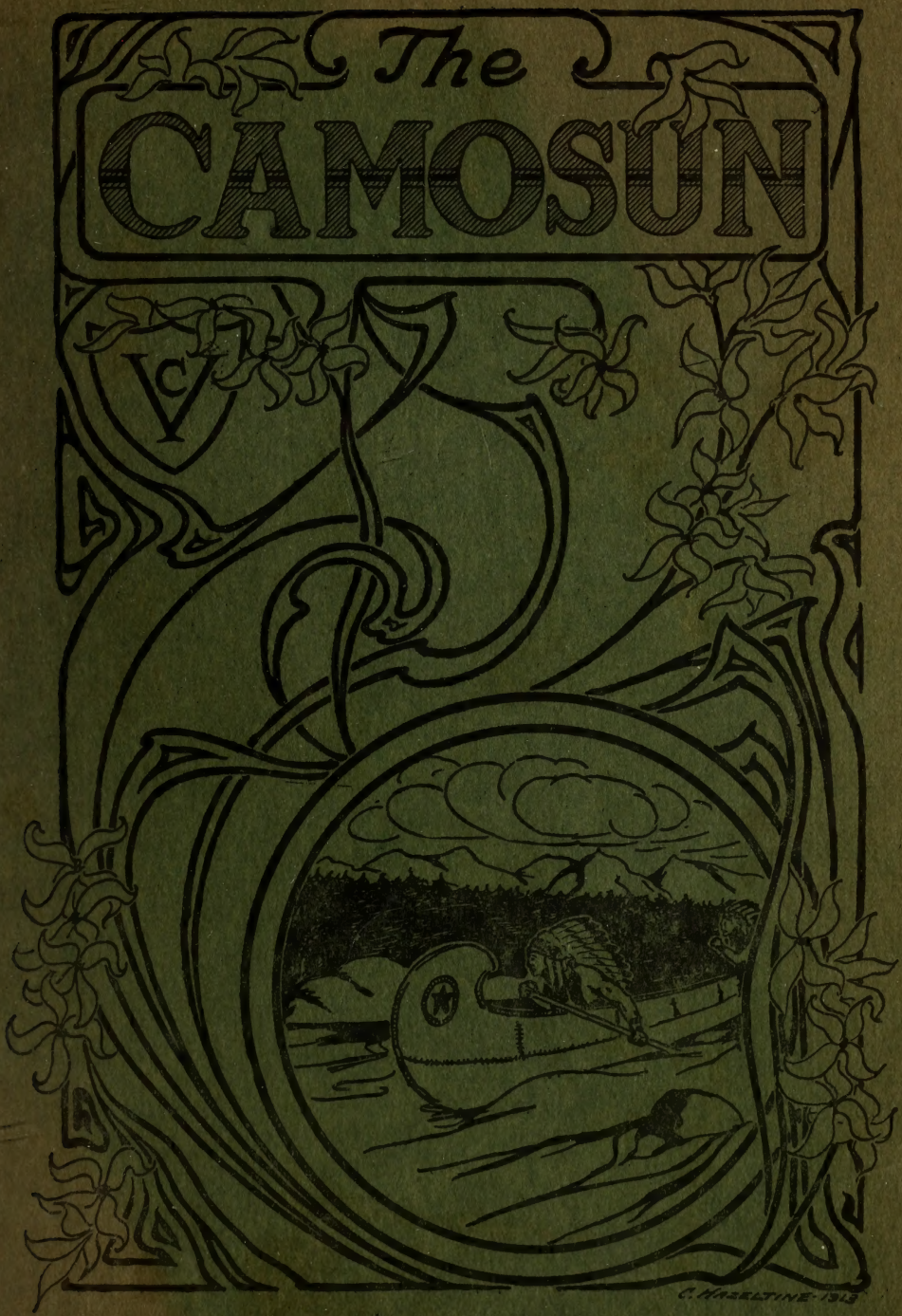

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The Camosun

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The Scarlet Police

THE subject which I have chosen and so dramatically called "The Scarlet Police," is not a detective story as one might be inclined to think at first, but a simple and short outline of the Royal North-west Mounted Police, who for forty years have maintained peace, order and quietness in the Northwest Territories of our great Dominion.

To begin with, I might say that a gentleman named Louis de Plainval was the originator of the North-west Mounted Police. Now just a few facts about De Plainval, because his career is of considerable interest. He was a Frenchman, big and strong, over six feet in height and an exceedingly clever chap. At the age of 27 he did not know three words of the English language and yet twelve years later he had written and produced four dramas in English. One of these plays was called "Monbau." It was in this play that the famous actor, Robert B. Mantell, first made a name for himself. De Plainval died very suddenly of pneumonia in New York.

Now after the Hudson's Bay Territory had been purchased by the Dominion Government in 1869, it became necessary to prepare for the protection of those who might form settlements there. So Lord Dufferin, who was Governor-General of Canada, invited De Plainval to Ottawa and asked him to draw up a plan for the Mounted Police of Canada. This De Plainval did and his report was practically carried out. Louis de Plainval had been promised the command of the Force by Sir John A. Macdonald, but, like a good many more of Sir John's promises, it was never fulfilled.

So, following the report of De Plainval, in the autumn of 1773, a small body of one hundred and ninety was formed. The Force was at that time limited to three hundred men, but this limit has since been raised to one thousand men.

The duties of the Force are to patrol the great plains from Hudson's Bay to British Columbia and from the United States boundary line to the Arctic Sea, keeping down cattle-raiding, smuggling, stealing and crime of every sort. They work over an area of more than one million two hundred thousand square miles.

Not long ago someone in Calgary asked, when Arctic exploration was being discussed: "Why haven't the Mounted Police discovered the North Pole?" Quick came the reply: "Because they've never been detailed for duty on the job." The inference to be drawn was obvious and it sums up the Canadian idea of the Force. Wherever they are ordered they go, whatever tasks are laid upon them they accomplish. From the border of Ontario to British Columbia, from the U. S. boundary line to the Arctic Sea, they ride about in twos and threes, sometimes in one's, redressing human wrongs. The

loneliest homesteader feels safe when he sees a flash of scarlet. In the wildest of mining camps their uniform is respected, because it is feared.

From their trim barrack square at Regina, with the gay little gardens around the officers' houses one brings away a very pleasant memory. But it is not at headquarters that the Mounted Police may be seen at their best. Go to the Yukon, or to the shore of the Arctic Sea; ride with them into the mountains or on patrol across the lonesome prairie and then you get some idea of what their duties and their value are.

The contrast between the American and Canadian side of the border has often been noticed. Here is what a United States paper once wrote: "There is a common notion, that in Canada life and property are appreciably safer than they are here in the United States. Murders are not so frequent and they are more surely and swiftly punished. The strongest reasons for this is the existence of the Royal North-west Mounted Police."

Here is a good example which shows the difference between the American and Canadian sides of the border. Not long ago troopers brought in and consigned to the guard-room at Regina, a wild-eyed German-American with matted hair and cheeks gaunt from privation. He was a farmer's hired man. The farmer had treated him badly, so he had gone off to another farm. The farmer refused to pay the wages due him because he had quitted without proper notice. He brought action. The farmer won. But as the farmer drove home that German-American lay in wait and shot him and then took to the woods. Now in the prairie states across the border such a murderer would in all probability have gotten away. It is up to the sheriff to seek him out and arrest him. But the sheriff has no such body as the Royal North-west Mounted Police to help him, and even if he had he would think it scarcely worth while taking great pains to catch a single law-breaker. That is why life and property are not so safe in the U. S. as they are here in Canada. Among Canadians the man with murder in his heart hesitates; he knows he will be caught and it is only by such knowledge that respect for life and property can be maintained. For ten days forty troopers hunted that German-American and at last secured him. The difficulty of their search can be appreciated only by those who know the vastness of the country. Yet after all this case is simple compared with many that the Mounted Police have handled with astonishing success. Here is a good example of their tenacity and intelligence. In 1901 a body was found several months after death. There was nothing about the body by which to identify it except the coat label bearing the name of a clothier in a certain town, but there were two bullet holes in the skull. So the police were told to find out what they could. A corporal was detailed for this duty. He wrote to the clothier, but obtained no help from him, but discovered, owing to

his enquiries being printed and re-printed in newspapers, that a certain Louis Stainton had been missing for several months. Stainton's father said the clothes were his son's. The next step was to trace the son's travels from the time he left home. It appeared that he had been in Colorado and had there met a certain Charles Bullock, who had turned up alone at a farm house not far from the spot where the body was found. He said he was on his way to British Columbia, but the corporal hit upon the fact that he had really gone towards Montana. So off went the corporal disguised as a shovel stiff (railroad laborer). He had a snapshot of Bullock and he looked for him in every construction camp, without success. Besides the snapshot he had a specimen of Bullock's handwriting. Over this the corporal pored to discover peculiarities. At last he found one in the formation of the letter "s." Now he started examining the pay sheets of all industries along the road Bullock had taken. At last he came upon his "s" in the name of "J. A. Sperling." He arrested Sperling on a charge of robbery in town. "But," said the prisoner, "my name isn't really Sperling, it's Bullock." "Right," replied the corporal, "then you are the man I want." He was tried, convicted and hanged.

Clearly for such work as this men of quick wits and some education are required.

I now come to the saddest and, besides the saddest, the most heroic incident in the annals of the Force. I refer to the death of Inspector Fitzgerald, Constables Kinney and Taylor and Special Constable Carter, who were frozen to death while on duty patrolling the Dawson Trail. They struggled to the last. Three short words mark the epitaph over their graves, and they are: "They died game." Fitzgerald's orders had been very brief: he was to patrol to Dawson during the winter of 1910-11. There was nothing extraordinary about it. The police were threading the wilderness everywhere. So Fitzgerald gathered in Constables Kinney and Taylor and Special Constable Carter. Carter had been over the trail once before from the other end four years before. In these four years Carter had been roaming the sub-arctics and with the exception of a few gaunt landmarks the great ridges and plains of the north are all like brothers. So on the 21st of December, 1910, Fitzgerald and his three companions started on their last patrol. On the 7th of January began the search for Forrest Creek, which would lead to Dawson and thus to the end of their patrol, but which lead instead to the great divide. A few days later Fitzgerald pulled up: the Dawson Trail wast lost. Until the 17th of January and on that day began the retreat and that retreat was the retreat of beaten men. By the 5th of February many things had happened. The dauntless four had travelled about two hundred miles on dog-meat. In these latitudes the body cries out for food. It's demand is relentless and not to satisfy it is to invite the end. Where and when Kinney and Taylor dropped behind is the mystery of the north, their bodies were found thirty-five miles from Fort McPherson.

But even with their death the price was not yet paid. The north demanded full tribute. Ten miles further on: twenty-five miles from Fort McPherson, it was paid in full. Constable Carter lay upon his back with folded arms and a handkerchief over his face. Beside him crouched the leader, Fitzgerald, the last to die, battling for life. His stiffening fingers wrote laboriously with a charred stick, on a scrap of paper: "All money in despatch-bag, bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my beloved mother." Then as the ultimate distress seized him he added: "God bless all."

The physical struggle had now ended: there remained only the mental anguish. So Fitzgerald must have summoned to his aid all the heroic traditions, all the magnificent discipline of the service. He faced the end like a soldier and an officer, without rancor, fear or complaint and through his mind may have passed this thought:—"Brothers of the pack strap and the saddle—well tried comrades of the trail—sojourners in silent places—honor to the service and to you all."

Go now to Fort McPherson, twenty-five miles away, call Corporal Comners and make with him the last short journey that brought Fitzgerald's patrol back home again. Stand and watch three Indians dig a grave in the iron earth; listen to the missionary speak a few trembling words over four rough coffins: guard your ears while the red flames leap and the echoes crash from the rifles of the firing party. And when you have done all this do one thing more, remember this: that while the wilderness endures, there will also endure, those to whom its terrors are but an invitation: those who will meet its last demands with the calm cognizance that mocks at danger.

In closing I would like to read a verse from a piece entitled: "Clancy of the Mounted Police," by R. W. Service:

> In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear,
> That who shall wear a scarlet coat shall say good-bye to fear;
> Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound on the trail.
> In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as fail.

H. M. CLARKE.

Some Remarks on Sport at Oxford

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say that at Oxford everyone is interested in and takes up some form of athletic activity. The afternoon hours from lunch till tea are devoted to recreation and it is only when the student has some pressing work that he can be found within the college walls during these hours.

The freshman is not up long before he is canvassed by the President and Secretary of the various Collegiate Clubs who visit him to find out what games he has played and what he wishes to play. If he has any particular talent or comes up with a ready-made reputation he may be invited to play in one of the Freshmen's matches, in which the best men from the various colleges play. These matches reveal the

most promising material for the Varsity teams. Such people are rare and the ordinary "fresher" has to be content to play for his college teams.

Each college has what are known as "squashes" or practice matches at the beginning of the term, at which those who are desirous of taking up soccer, or rugger, or hockey as the case may be, turn out and have a chance of showing their abilities. The best will be chosen to represent the college in inter-collegiate matches and are always certain of getting many good matches. Most colleges often have enough less brilliant players to support a second or "A" team, but these teams often have a precarious existence and proposed matches often have to be scratched or postponed, because of the natural conflict of games when people who might play are taking part in some other match. It is quite usual to find players who are fairly proficient in two or three games so that he has the opportunity of getting a game other than his particular one.

Games are the usual thing and not a series of practice matches leading up to some match with another college. Most people take up a game they have played before and here take it up for the sake of the game, and the exercise to be derived from it. The result is one finds games being played on the various college grounds with few spectators around. The thing is not to produce a body of athletes representative of the sporting element in the college, but to get out and play the game yourself.

Besides the ordinary fixtures which the colleges arrange with one another there are leagues for "rugger" and "soccer," and there are also knock-out competitions for a challenge cup in hockey, soccer, and rugger.

As there are some twenty colleges and Oxford is such an old established place, the results of a match do not weigh heavily with the individual when it is realized that these contests have taken place for years; it is felt that the man is there to play the game in a manner connoted by the word sportsmanlike. Many colleges have a distinctive character in sport and they can fairly well be designated as rowing or rugger or athletic colleges, and a man may be influenced in his choice of a college by its athletic reputation at the moment; if he is a rugger player, he will go to a rugger college. These reputations are maintained fairly well, although their places in the competitions may fluctuate.

There are so many forms of sport to be taken up, but they are all well supported. A man will turn out for his college, and especially for a league match, but if he finds it impossible he simply scratches his name from the posted list and another man is found to take his place. Such an act would seem to indicate that little or only a casual interest was taken in the game, but the result of the match is not the primary consideration.

There are few indoor games, only boxing, wrestling and gymnastics, which is not very popular. Every form of sport finds its devotees from strenuous rugger to sedentary golf, and it is a curious fact that Canadians who have never played lacrosse at home take it up here.

Rowing occupies the premier position and the annual varsity race is well known, but of less fame, but more interesting to the Oxford man are the bumping races, in the second term on fixed seats, known as Torpids, and in the summer term on sliding seats and popularly called eights. These races last a week and Oxford is crowded with visitors who come to see the eights. About thirty crews are engaged so they have to row in three divisions. The boats line up one behind the other, each trying to bump the boat in front, taking its place in the start on the following day if it is successful. It is a very pleasant sight to see these races on a beautiful May day with the college barges crowded with fair visitors and the tow path lined with excited students who are following and encouraging their crews.

A. N. KING.

The Character of Socrates

"Character is not cut in marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do."—George Elliot.

ABOUT four hundred years before Christ the Greeks were the leaders in art, war and philosophy. There were many teachers of the latter, but Socrates was the greatest. He was a man of remarkable powers of mind, who in early life had chosen to follow the right and just rather than the profitable.

He was passionately fond of Athens, leaving it only when necessity required or in the defence of his country. In battle he excited the admiration of the people by his endurance of hardships, his bravery, coolness in danger, care for his comrades, and, what was more remarkable among the Greeks of his day, his ungrudging recognition of any act of merit done by others.

He was very clever but refused to acknowledge the fact, ever trying to obey the gods, for to him any opposition to their will was a great crime, and his Supernatural Monitor always prompted him when he was about to do wrong.

Socrates was the first great ethical philosopher and taught that man's mind was superior to all material things. Hence he led men to look within, to study their own questions of human duty and the obligations as existing between man and man and all matters that would lead to virtue and the moral development of society at large.

Having a keen sense of duty, he did his utmost to purify Athens from her sins and tried to set a good example by living up to his teachings. He ever delighted to get the bright young minds of the day and by a system of reasoning, spiritualize their thoughts and so endeavor to lead them to higher and nobler views.

Many hated him because they thought he was opposed to their graft and service for self advantage. They did not dare to accuse him for this, so they accused him for corrupting the youths by teaching them of other gods and for this he was sentenced to death. When the sentence was pronounced he showed his courage by remaining calm and not crying and pleading for mercy as others might do, and thirty days later when called upon to drink the deadly hemlock he died with a smile on his lips like a brave man prepared for his reward which he knew must be good.

Xenophon in describing him says:—"He was so pious that he did nothing without the advice of the gods; so just that he never injured anyone even in the least; so completely master of himself that he never chose the agreeable instead of the good, and was, in short, the happiest and best man possible."

The behavior of Socrates after his condemnation, the constancy with which he refused the flight which his friends had made secure, and lastly his death—the most sublime that any mere man has ever had—all this has been preserved for us by Plato. He is a tragic figure because he perishes in the conflict between the new and higher principle with one that is obsolete, but supported by the right of long existence. So perished Socrates, one of the most wonderful philosophers the world has ever known.

MARJORIE ROBSON.

INDIAN SUMMER EVENING

Across the marsh, across the lea,
Flinging its streamers o'er the sea,
The autumn sun is sinking,—
A glow of pink, a path of gold,
The ripples' crinkles linking.

A-sailing through the silvery mist,
With flutter, pause, and gentle twist,
A sea gull lightly winging;
A mystic light glows on his breast,
A wonder shadow flinging.

While o'er the meadows, far away,
Beyond the saffron-tinted bay,
An evening bell is ringing;
Its solemn music slow, and sweet,
The angelus is singing.

The Seasons, swift as Mercury's wings,
Will pause while Brownie Autumn sings;
His magic breath is blowing
The leaves and vines to amber reds,
For Indian Summer glowing.

—Junior B.

EDITORIAL

A Happy New Year

BUT why are we so late in giving you the greetings, now scarcely an echo on men's ears? We take it for granted that everyone attending the High School knows why the Camosun has waited till the middle of the month to put in its appearance, but for the sake of our outside readers we make the following brief explanation: We did not re-open school till the 5th of the month; we could not summon in all our material till the 10th, and it takes the printer at least five days to deliver the paper to us ready for sale; "So there we are," as someone said quite recently at one of our great public events.

It is certainly a great disappointment to all that this issue of the "Camosun" does not make its appearance from our new High School. Anyone who has waded through the mire, dodged watchmen and entered the building will wonder why all this delay, since everything seemed finished some little time ago. However, we live in hopes of reaching our new home before many months.

We regret to learn that Mr. Strachan, who has been with us for some three years past, has resigned his position in the High School. On the eve of his departure his pupils presented him with several volumes of Van Dyke.

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Gordon Downes was appointed to the staff of the High School. Mr. Downes is a graduate of Nottingham University, with a London degree. We feel sure that he will be a great help in the way of sport since he was the captain of the cricket, swimming and football teams and obtained his colors for tennis; so if the school can get him to take as great an interest in baseball we will certainly see some improvement in all lines of sport.

BETA DELTA

English versus American Sport

RESOLVED, "That English sport as illustrated in their games is preferable to that of the Americans." This debate, as was expected, aroused considerable interest amongst the members and it was rather unfortunate that the speeches of several of the speakers showed a decided lack of preparation,—otherwise the debate was very interesting. The affirmative was upheld by L. McBride and G. Winterburn; the negative by Cameron and Gilbert. The judges, Miss McLeod and Messrs. Andrews and Wood decided in favor of the negative. Among those who took part in the after discussion were: Fairbairn, Foulkes, R. Graham, McBride, P. McPherson, Parfitt, H. Tait, L. Wheeler, F. Youngs, J. Wheeler, K. Gillie, J. Jones.

Invention vs. Exploration

The last meeting of the Christmas term was held on Wednesday, December 10th, the subject being, Resolved, "That the world owes more to exploration than invention within the past fifty years." The speakers were: M. Scott and S. Kenning on the affirmative, and V. Noble and H. Tait on the negative. Miss Henry and Messrs. Hamilton Smith and MacDonald rendered a decision in favor of the negative. The members were then addressed by the first two judges, who were acting in that capacity for the first time this term.

A nominating committee of three members was then appointed to nominate the candidates for the elections which are to be held on Wednesday, 14th inst.

During the past term the Club has made wonderful strides. It now boasts of about a hundred members who are making a definite assault against the walls of ignorance surrounding most of the problems discussed. The Society has accumulated a substantial bank account. So the members may well look forward with pleasure to the contests of the coming term, amongst which are:—The Inter-class Shield Championship; the Sears Debating Cup, and the Beckwith Gold Medal. In the shield contest a team is expected to enter from each room and the winners in the first round will enter the semi-finals, the two winning teams debating for the championship of the school, now held by Matrics. These debates arouse a great deal of enthusiasm and friendly rivalry amongst the classes and an interesting

struggle is expected. In the Sears trophy contest it is expected that the several High Schools from Vancouver will enter and also one from New Westminster, besides one from Victoria. Last year both Vancouver and Victoria won a debate, but Vancouver had the final majority. This year the members of the Beta Delta expect to make a determined effort to bring the cup to Victoria.

"The Portia"

ON October 1st, 1913, a number of High School girls met for the purpose of organizing a debating society. From the very first meeting a marked interest was shown in the Club, which now has a membership of over one hundred. The Club exacts no fees and has been organized for the purpose of helping its members to gain ease in speaking on various subjects and for the purpose of fostering a proper school spirit.

Those who were elected to office at the second meeting were: Hon. President, Miss Cann; President, Isobel Todd; Vice-president, Hazel McConnell; Secretary, Mary Ellen O'Brien; additional members of the Executive Committee, Hazel Sargent, Eileen Cass and Merle Playfair.

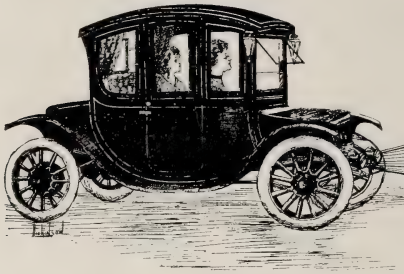
After some discussion "Portia" was selected as a suitable name for the Club.

The first debate was held at the second meeting and considering the fact that it was a first attempt on the part of the debate it may well be said that it was most successful. Isobel Todd, Hazel McConnell, Katherine Jackson and Mary Ellen O'Brien spoke, the subject being, Resolved, "That the Pen is mightier than the Sword." Miss Burris and Miss Macleod acted as judges and by a narrow margin awarded a decision in favor of the supporters of the affirmative side.

At the next meeting Eileen Cass, Edna Sparling, Marion Service and Victoria Case took part, debating the question of Capital Punishment. The Society was next to hear discussed the interesting question of whether women should enter the profession of law. This subject which had evidently been studied with much interest by the speakers, Madeline Bradshaw, Alexia Brown, Maude Christie and Gladys Steinmetz, succeeded in provoking a good deal of general discussion.

The fourth—the last debate which has been held—dealt with the subject of the advantages of City Life as compared with those which the Country offers. Norma Clarke, Edna Marwick, Nellie Dill and Hazel Eagel were the speakers.

Besides those teachers already named Miss Henry, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Clarke, Mr. A. Smith, and Mr. H. Smith have kindly assisted "The Portia" by acting as judges.



SOCIETY.

ONE of the very nicest and most interesting events of the season was the dance given by the members of the Varsity Club on Monday, December 22nd, at the Connaught Hall. Fancy dress was optional and many striking and original costumes were noticed. Mesdames Wood, Hannington, Burrill, Gordon and Robinson kindly acted as chaperons. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion and a dainty supper was served at midnight. Among those present were:—Misses Henry, Sumner, Macleod, Jean Halliday, Maud Nason, Phyllis Reid, Marjorie Hirst, Isabel Maloy, Grace Burrel, Edith and Gladys MacDonald, Erma Cessford, Myrtle Brice, Jean Robinson, Ilma Duck, Edna Humber, Agnes Robertson, Eleanor Monteith, Ethel and Mildred MacEachern, Joan Burrel, Marjorie Robertson, Zalba Ormond, Dorothy and Marjorie Taylor, Jean Cameron, Isabel Todd, Ellen O'Brien, Jessie Gordon, Gladys and Norma Ramlose, Barbara Burrel and Dorothy Macleod, and Messrs. Wood, Wallis, Gordon, MacPherson, MacBride, McIntyre, White, Campbell, Shearman, Reid, Yuill, Whyte, Simpson, Taylor, Robinson, Brown, Hamilton, Hickey, Cameron, Laundy, Dean, Harvey, Wyllie, A. McBride, McBrady, Terry, Baxter, O'Keefe, Marwick, Galloway and many others.

* * * * *

Miss Hazel McConnell gave a farewell dance before her departure for California on Wednesday, December 10th. Many students of the Victoria High School were present, including Misses Taylor, Ormond, Sparks, Cameron, MacDonald, Edwards and Norah Edwards, Asey, Aasey, Chatterton, McNeil, O'Brien, Williams, MacBride, Roberts, Gordon; and Messrs. Clark, Casey, Foote, Toddy, Taylor, Anderson, Terry, Hamilton, MacBride, Paul, Copas, Boiston, Roberts, O'Keefe.

* * * * *

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent on Tuesday of Christmas week by the friends of Miss Margaret Scott, who was hostess at a dance given at her residence in Oak Bay. The guests included: Misses Hardie, Campbell, Vincent, Hume and Vera Hume, Robinson, Duck, Malloy, Carlin and Margaret Carlin, MacBride, Grey, and Messrs. Campbell, Drury, Robinson, Cuttler, Hume, Leonard and Arthur MacBride, Wyllie, MacPherson, Kilpatrick, Mitchell, Grey, Beasley, Steele.

On Wednesday, December the tenth, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Clay gave a very delightful dance in honor of Margaret, Helen and Jack Clay. Miss Thain gave as usual an enjoyable programme of music, and Mr. Morden kindly played the supper extras. A very tempting supper was served before midnight, and the happy evening came to a close shortly after one. Among those present were: Mrs. Andrew Gray, Mrs. David Miller, Miss Leitch, the Misses J. Gilbert, F. and E. Munsie, D. Taylor, D. McTavish, D. Holmes, M. Green, L. Green, E. MacEachern, L. MacEachern, E. Jones, P. Reid, J. Gordon, M. McBride, G. Hume, G. Scott; and Messrs. F. G. C. Wood, D. Macpherson, J. Gray, C. Brown, R. Whyte, W. Day, Ogden, H. Beasley, G. Campbell, Sanson, Heddle, P. Forbes, Boyd, D. Taylor, A. Jones, R. Taylor, B. Scott, M. Scott, M. Gordon, Smith, R. Reid and F. Hume.

* * * * *

Miss Phyllis Reid, accompanied by her father, Mr. J. T. Reid, left on January the fourth for Europe. She will continue her studies in Brussels, Belgium.

* * * * *

On Saturday afternoon, January the third, Mrs. Frank Burrell gave a party for Joan, Grace and Barbara Burrell. About twenty were present and the afternoon was spent in guessing contests and parlor games. After a delicious tea, there was an informal dance, discreet one-stepping allowed, and the very merry party broke up about seven. Among those present were the Misses Violet Harman, Dorothy Kingham, Jessie Wootton, Edna Humber, Mary O'Brien, Terena Gareshe, Truda Edwards, Winnie Winterburn, Gertrude Scott, Maudie Johnson, Margaret Hardie, Sallie Watson, Margery Campbell, Margaret Scott, Hettie Blankenbach, Mabel Lott, Mary Rattenbury, Kathrine and Elizabeth Coons.

* * * * *

On New Year's eve a number of the friends of Hazel and Allan Ballantyne spent a very jolly time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Ballantyne, Lake Hill. Various games were played during the evening, and a dainty supper was served just before midnight. The old year was hastened out by a great noise of shouting, whistling, cowbells and crackers, and the joyful party broke up about two o'clock. Those present were Mable, Dorothy and Walter Head, Marion and Theo Service, Dorothy Low, Winnie, Edgar and Fred Borden, Charlie French, Lawrence and William Stewart, Diana McLennan, Marguerite and Winnie Winkel, Vina and Wilbert Fawcett.

At a special prayer-meeting held in one of our down-town churches a little over a week ago a well known local clergyman asked that the closing two minutes be devoted to silent prayer by all present for the Sunday School teachers of our city, also for the public school teachers and "especially the High School Teachers." Why "especially the High School Teachers?" Has their fame spread abroad? Are they as a body any "worse" than the others?

HIGH SCHOOL'S PRIDE—

Top Row—C. Sprinkling, W. Pollock,
Middle Row—F. Hardwick, L. McBride, G. (
Bottom Row—R. McIlvride, T. Heyland, W. Cutle

THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

TEEL, P. McPHERSON, C. SANSON, F. COPAS
ELL (Capt.), A. YATES, R. WALLIS, D. HEYLAND
McBRIDE, D. STAPLES, G. CAMERON, A. VON FORESTER

RUGBY

Law Students vs. High School

SOME time before this game a few of the Law Students were loud in the beating they were to hand out to the High. Alas! All their vaunting came to naught, for the stalwarts of the V. H. S. completely outclassed the student aggregation, winning the game—thirteen to three.

In the first half the Students broke away and for a moment looked dangerous. Then the play was right to the Students' twenty-five. High School showed much superior scrum work, getting the ball out constantly. The High's three-quarters—the fastest in the league—were working in fine style, but the much talked of speed of the Law Students was not much in evidence. All the time the High School were pressing the Students' line;—now for a scrum near their twenty-five; the ball of course came out to the High's three-quarters, and Cutler, known as "Speed," shot through the students, across the line for a try. Long Leonard McBride failed to convert. Now the Students waxed sore and swore with many strange oaths that they would push the ball across High's line for a try, but for some reason unaccountable (to them) they were unable to do so. For a while High School seemed to slacken up, but soon after a fine dribbling rush by his fellow forwards, Frederick Copas, or as his friends call him, small Fred, carried his one hundred and some pounds, incidentally the ball, over the Students' line for another try. Long Leonard, seeing an opportunity to distinguish himself, promptly converted this. The score was now eight to nothing. There was much talking and disputing by the members of both teams, so his majesty the referee, said: "If there be any more of this, verily I say, I will take the matter up." This threat, however, did not stop the rough stuff, so he awarded the Law Students a free kick. Now there was great talk among the Students; some called for faithful John Hickey, others were loud in their cries for Sour. At last Sour Anderson was selected and he found touch nicely. This half ended with the High School still pressing the Students hard.

In the second half High School were playing up hill, but this did not hinder them. For a while they continued to press the Law

Students, but soon they seemed to slacken up. The Students advanced to the attack. Several times they nearly scored, but were always repulsed. Several of the youthful lawyers became very wroth and said that they would push the High School team even to Millwakee. This, however, was but a considerable amount of heated air. The youthful Law peddlers now had a free kick awarded to them because "old King Cole" endeavored to show the referee where he erred on several points. Carmichael pushed this nicely over the bar. This was the only score registered by the Law Students. Although they had seven free kicks awarded them, almost all of which were within scoring distance of the goal, this was the only one chalked up. Meanwhile the High School warriors had regained their lost vim and they carried the play harder than ever against the Students. These found themselves unable to cope with such an attack as was thrust against them. Now Dick Wallis saw that he had failed to register a try, so he ran right through the student bunch and scored a try. Once more did Long Lanky Len measure carefully the distance to the posts with his eagle eye, then he gently breezed the ball over the bar for two points. This ended the scoring and High School were victorious over the Law Students, by the score of sixteen to three.

It might be said that High School did not have their strongest team out, as Gordon Campbell, the captain, is out of the game for the rest of the season on account of an injury received at a practise.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

In their first big hockey game of this season the High School girls overcame the team of the Provincial Normal School by the score of three to nothing. There were quite a number of Normal rooters at the game, but there was a deplorable scarcity of High School supporters. The Normals made plenty of noise, but there was not one to encourage the High School girls.

In the first half High School had a little better of the play, but did not make good several opportunities to score. Whenever Normal did get the ball it was soon brought back into close vicinity of their goal again. High School had the ball in the mouth of their opponents' goal several times and should have scored but they failed to come through with the lusty wallop. This may have been due to Normal goal tender's fervent ejaculations for divine aid.

In the second half the ball was never much in Victoria territory, while it was always near the Vancouver goal. However, for some reason, although High School had many chances to score they did not make good their opportunities. At last from a scramble in front of Normal's goal Miss Hampton slapped the ball through the goal for the first tally. The Normal girls now seemed to be unable to do anything and their goal was always in danger, but there was much to be desired in the School's shooting. In a short time Miss Finland pushed the ball through for the second score from a mix-up in front of the goal. The High School girls brought the ball right back to

Normal's goal from centre. They were having continued chances to chalk up more goals but could avail themselves of none for quite a while. At last, however, from a free-for-all in front of the goal, in which Normal's goal tender was on her knees scooping at the ball with both hands, for she had abandoned her stick in the stress of the moment, Miss Finland again scored the third and last goal.

Those who were really the whole Normal team were all old High School girls, most of whom played for the High last year, and had it not been for them the score no doubt would have been much larger.

TO THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

(With Apologies to Woodsworth)

Oh beautiful building! We have seen
Thee from the outside, and rejoice.
We thought to call thee ours by now,
But nay—we have no choice.

While we are sitting in this pile
Thy slated roof we see;
It seems to us a long, long while,
E'er we will be with thee.

Tho' babbling only, of the cost,
Such sadness doesn't bring,
We still believe next winter's frost
Will be, "Just wait till spring!"

Thrice welcome darling of the spring,
Which spring? Say 1920.
No longer then, an invisible thing,
Of desks there'll then be plenty.

Why, even in our Prelim. days,
We heard the same old cry,—
The beautiful new building
Will be ready by and by.

We've heard of thine assembly halls,
Of gyms, and shower-baths.
Yet we expect to start next fall
A-trudging these same paths.

And we can talk about thee yet,
To teacher, friend or chum,
But while we talk, let's not forget
That golden time might come.

Oh girls and boys of V. H. S.!
This building seems to be
For the children of your children,
But there's not a chance for thee.

JUNIOR B.

Battalion Orders by Major L. S. Yuill, Commanding No. 112, Victoria High School Cadet Battalion

Headquarters Victoria High School,
Victoria, B. C., January 8th, 1914.

Promotion to date from January 1st, 1914:—C. Co.: To be Lieutenant—J. Drury.

Quartermaster Batt. Sergt. Maj. A. McBride will relieve Lieut. Harvey of duties of quartermaster.

A. Co.—Sergt. Hardwick will revert to rank of Corporal.
C. Co.—Sergt. Coldwell will assume rank of Corporal.
A. Co.—Sergt. Miloy discharged from Battalion.
A. Co.—To be Sergt.: Corp. A. Noble.
Sergt. Davis transferred from B. Co. to A. Co.
C. Co.—To be Sergt.: T. Hodgson.

(Signed) R. WALLIS, Capt.,
Adjutant.

On Saturday, December 15th, a prize shoot was held at the gallery range, Work Point Barracks. The winners were:—Lieut. Harvey, $5.00; Cadet Marwick, $4.00; Lieut. Hamilton, $2.50; Lieut. Gale, $2.50; Batt. Sergt. Maj., A. McBride, $1.00.

On December 27th, the first of a series of matches in the Canadian Rifle League Gallery Competition fired at Work Point Barracks. The scores of the 12 members of the team out of a possible 100 were:—Major L. S. Yuill, 83; Corp. G. Bennett, 81; Lieut. J. Drury, 78; Lieut. W. Gale, 77; Lieut. B. Harvey, 76; Cadet T. Heyland, 71; Sergt. D. Heyland, 70; Cadet Marwick, 70; Lieut. R. Hamilton, 66; Cadet W. Gilbert, 65; Cadet F. Wooten, 60; Capt. U. Terry, 55.

In the dressing room: "Who hit me with that soap? It just felt like lead." "What did you think it was, Cast-steel?"—Ex.

FIRST YEAR ARTS

Missispankurst wishes you all "The Complaints of the Season," and hopes you may all have a successful year.

Why don't the ladies play grass-hockey? Cupid would make an excellent hockey captain!

If an expressive countenance is thought to be of great advantage by Miss C———; who would not have an innocent one like Gordon's?

"Hey, Company! Halt!"—captain and adjutant.

Why has Illus suddenly become so fond of dances? What can be the attraction?

School-boys to right of him, school-boys to left of him
School-boys in front of him, volleyed and thundered,
Stormed at with fist and yell,
Boldly he fought and well,
All that was left of him—
Left of our Wallis.

Some day we may expect to find Kerr's name in the pugilistic annals of the world; but, at present, his thoughts are centred on far different things! Why is he so anxious that his name should not appear in the Camosun?

The girls wish to enter a complaint against the boys, for causing explosive noon-hours.

In the next copy of the Camosun we expect to hear from our rising young poetess, Miss Bessie Greenwood.

MATRIC. A.

Some of the students of the Matriculation classes have, after frequent efforts, prevailed upon certain members of the faculty namely: Miss Cann and Messrs. Wood and Russell, to aid them in presenting a dramatical performance at the opening of the new High School. After considerable discussion, two plays were suggested as being suitable: Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," and Sheridan's "The Rivals." Finally it was decided that "The

Taming of the Shrew" would be the play presented. Those who attended the tryout on the final day of school last term were: The Misses Lehman, Cavin, Ramlose, McKennell, Poage, Hurst, Cass, Davies, Dill and Wood, and Messrs. Clyde, Stubbs, Inches, Marshall, Gillie, McBride and Forrester.

It was at first thought to start upon the play at once, but owing to the grave uncertainty of when we may move to the new building, it has been postponed—indefinitely. Further announcement of this event will probably be given in the next number of the "Camosun," and most likely a definite date for the performance. In the meantime we wish those who are so kindly going to help, every success in the presenting of the play.

New Year resolutions for Matric A:

Marshall—To make 100 in every subject (not in three).

Drury—To behave himself in general.

Blanche—To cease flirting.

Wyllie—Ditto.

Frances—To have eyes for girls and girls only.

Reid—To learn "some little French words."

Wheeler—To grow—mentally and physically.

Caine—To do his Latin at home.

Campbell—To give the rest of the class a chance to answer questions.

Hettie and Marion—To send no more birthday congratulations to a young man—till his next birthday.

Melba—Never never to help in school again.

Gladys—Always to face the front.

Matric A has had to be reminded that the class in general is not a debating society, nor yet a hugging performance, (this meant for boys only). Also that not one pupil looks like a student. We hope to see these statements contradicted soon.

Professor of Chemistry:—If anything should go wrong with this experiment we, and the laboratory with us, would be blown sky-high. Come a little closer gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me.

Johnny's mother (sternly)—John, did you take any jam from this jar?

Johnny (meekly)—No ma, only the mould.

MATRIC B

Our New Year Resolutions, to be faithfully kept forever!

MacBride—"I solemnly pledge myself not to study so hard this term, as I came out so well in the last exams."

Miss Harris—"I also promise to work a little harder this term, seeing how badly I fared in the exams."

Rose—"I really won't say 'Gee' any more this year."

Miss Hirst—"I promise faithfully never to look over at the left side of the room any more."

Sanson—"I won't look over M - - l's shoulder any more in school."

McLean—"I will remember in future to lift my hat to young ladies in the street."

Teresa—"I promise to drop out of society for good, or I will never pass in chemistry."

Dean—"I've resolved to hug anyone, who gives me a packet of 'Spearmint'."

Miss Aird—"I must not make so much noise in school."

Miss Norris—To cultivate a liking for Geometry.

Miss Clark—To take daily voice exercises.

Matric B—"We resolve to keep on the right side of all our teachers. It is good policy."

JUNIOR A.

Junior A is at present in a terrible state of bereavement, plunged in dire despair, and such weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth was never heard before. You naturally ask what is the reason of this. Do you not know two of our most beloved, our most esteemed, our most revered companions of our bliss have departed, have been deported from their congenial environments to lower regions? Such is the case and consequently the reporter is too sad to say more.

JUNIOR B.

A class there is called Junior B,
'Tis full of noisy mirth and glee,
It drives the teachers to despair,
They stamp their feet, they tear their hair.

We have some very handsome girls,
Some with long braids, some with cute curls,
Girls that are dull, girls that are smart,
Good-natured girls, some that are tart.

Each day we've told our tongues to stop,
By teachers just about to drop,
They strive a chance our brains to give;
We've only got one life to live.

At the exams, you'll all agree,
This class of ours ahead will be;
The teachers rage, the scholars smile,
And say they'll study in a while.

'Tis little I have mentioned here,
For more I have not space I fear,
Some future time I hope you'll see
More of this class of Junior B.

E. M.

JUNIOR C.

Teacher (looking over class register after the Christmas holidays) —"I notice that Miss McKinnon has not returned yet, this term. Too bad; we shall miss her vacant desk and her vacant face."

Teacher (during English period)—"Heyland, when was Sir Walter Scott called to the bar?" Heyland (whose mind is elsewhere)—"Ah—er, New Year's eve on Government Street."

The pupils of Junior C have returned after the Christmas holidays, *deliriousiy* happy on account of the gifts which they received from S. Claus on the 25th ult. Of course it is very hard to get them to speak rationally on the subject, but, after some questioning and a very great deal of surmising, we have been able to draw up a list of the presents which some of them received and which to all intents is correct:—

Hardwick—A much-needed hair-cut.

Smethurst—A new brown suit with long pants. (N. B.—This is for the benefit of those who visit the New Victoria Theatre.)

Miss McKinnon—We(e) Dinno.

Miss Andernach—A screen to put around her desk.

McBride—A Bunny.

Wills—A mysterious note from G. M. (The initials seem familiar.)

Heyland—(We are not certain about his present, but we advise him to take somebody his own size.)

JUNIOR D.

How Junior D Spent the Vacation ...

Cameron played marbles with the boys on the street.

John with his new express wagon delivered parcels.

Winterburn studied geometry.

Ede spent his time in studying art.

Lesgold learned carpentering.

Miss Cameron practised the Tango.

Miss Little read novels all day.

Miss Hammill took elocution lessons.

Meston slept most of the time.

Miss Beane made many New Year's Resolutions.

Cameron spends his summer holidays mountain climbing. All goats seem to be fond of this pastime.

We are glad to welcome Miss McDonald back to Junior D.

Mr. A's advice to Winky. Keep on thinking, it will do you good, you think so seldom.

Junior D regrets the promotion of Miss Dunn and Miss Smith to Junior A and at the same time does not think the exchange of Brown and Hall was fair—Junior D knows wherein lies the difference.

PRELIM. A.

In our magazine "Camosun,"
Are many "ads": Just get the notion.
Patronize your advertisers.
These are the words of your advisers:
When you need a pair of shoes,
When you buy your New Year's goose,
Suit of clothes or rugby outfit,
Flour or tea or thermos lunch kit;
Or if you wish a bike to get,
Hair brush, tooth paste, manicure set;
And when you buy a cosy home,
No more around the world to roam;
And when you lay you down and die,
And you must needs a coffin buy,
Buy of those in the ranks of the wise,
Who in the "Camosun" advertise.
Not only this but tell the "trader"
You saw his "ad" in our school paper.

Notice is hereby given that people from the country are not allowed to snap their fingers in Room eight.

"Auld Lang Syne" (with apologies)

Should auld Detention be forgot,
And never brought to min',
W'll hae to go there sometim' yet
For the sake a' Auld Lang Syne."

Our favorite passage from Whittier before the exams:—"Ah, well, for us some sweet hope lies." After the exams: "It might have been."

Always jesting
Always jeering
Is the wonderful Camosun.
Written by the best of authors
From the time of times all chosen
Causing laughter for young people
Giving pleasure for old people
Comical Camosun.

PRELIMINARY B.

President Wilson after his Christmas dinner retired to his room for a pleasant and restful sleep. Before an hour had elapsed he beheld a vision. He found himself walking in the newly surveyed town of Stevens. The town was situated on a long sloping Hill at the top of which stood a Gray colored farm-house whose fields were covered with many Hay stacks. Just at this moment Wilson

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was standing at the foot of the Hill viewing the town. Out of the house walked Governor Patterson with a McIntosh over his arm and escorting Mc('s) Il(l)bride. They walked down the road arm in arm to the Le(a)ding ham store in the town. In the store stood the lengthy McPherson, manager of the business, with his young white-haired son, Sivertz. Oh, W(h)at (a) son was he! Pa(r) fitt(ed) him with his old pants cut short. Patterson ordered a large Hamberger steak. The steak in some mysterious way leaped from the arms of Patterson and made for Wilson, who wondered what in the "Dickinson" was the matter and knew Knott what to do. He ran for his dear life, but before he New it(t) was overtaken by the steak with which he found it had to Cop(e) as it was even tougher than he. Wilson won and brought his prey back to its owner. Governor Patterson presented him with a leather medal for his valiant bravery and a cheque for a new suit of Harvey's clothes. And then he woke up and to his great disappointment found it was only a dream.

How did Preliminary "B"
Improve each Christmas hour?
They ate plum-pudding all the day
At night they felt its power.

After ringing of fire station bell McKinnon jumps out of his seat in great fright.

Teacher—"McKinnon, if you were just in from the country (Saanich) I wouldn't mind."

PRELIMINARY C.

The Lay of the Lazy Student

Breathes there a student with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
To-morrow morn I will arise
Just as the sun lights up the skies!

I'll set this alarm so it will go
Before the cocks begin to crow,
My lessons I will learn each one
In company with the rising sun;

And when at any ungodly hour
Next morn the clock with all its power
Made noises fit to scare the dead
And awoke the student in the bed,—

Breathes there a student I now repeat,
Who would not throw it into the street
And with a sigh go off to sleep
And think, oh well, lessons will keep!

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Teacher of Grammar—"Miss Macmillan comment on the word spinster. Miss Macmillan arises and splutters forth: "A spinster is an old form of ————" Teacher, wishing to avoid awkward pauses, enquires, "of a young girl?" The definition we were given of an old maid is "An unclaimed treasure."

We have a tamed and very intellectual Bird in our room which we intend to exhibit in the coming poultry exhibition.

Wanted Tenders—To make an instrument which will enable Miss Macdonald to stand straight.

After reading the Ancient Mariner Wilma did not understand how a star could be within the nether tip of the moon and she asked rather timidly, "Say, wasn't there something wrong with the Ancient Mariner?"

Wilma is getting quite brilliant these last few days. When told that Geneva was the capital of Switzerland she actually refused to believe it.

Winnie wants to know where most people keep their handkerchiefs.

PRELIM D's RETURN

Once more we take our books in hand,
Our footsteps schoolward bending:
While we think of the gladsome, glorious days,
That we have just been spending:
Jolly, fleeting, happy days,
And the joys that they did bring,
Then we drop our heads with bitter sighs,
We've remembered not a thing!

Miss Golly weeps and imploring cries,
"Oh, what was axiom nine?"
Poor Jonesy peeps in his English book,
He has forgotten every line!
Miss Burrell takes a cautious look
And whispers to Miss Brown,
While Lowery nudges his friend in front,
"Say Barney, what's a noun?"

Dawson alone with eye serene
Looks calmly 'round the room,
His head is full of lore I ween,
How he glories in our gloom!
Now here we're filled up more and more
With Interests and Solutions
Right at the start we've broken a score
Of our New Year resolutions.

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Buck up Prel. D, don't tear your hair
But swear you'll give in never,
Just see friend Gilbert over there,
He's got the Latin fever.
And we'll just show the other rooms
That think we're such a joke,
Just watch, just watch, you other Prels.,
Just watch and see our smoke.

COMMERCIAL A.

The Rabid Ravings of a Candid Commercialite

From the wild, wooly jungles
Where grows the Saanich clam,
Out of the north on a bike came forth
Our valiant Saanich man.
Said Polly to our Albert John,
"Why Al, how big you aw.
Take my advice and try lacing,
It will reduce your figuaw.

Albert expounds and Fred solemnly listens to him, while he pours out in unpremeditated oratory, his wonderful knowledge to the girls.

Just imagine: Jackson without a smile.
Borden in kilts.
Steele with Miss Pollard.
Bray with Miss Douglas.

COMMERCIAL B.

Mary had a little lamb,
With French peas at the side,
But when the waiter brought the bill
Poor Mary nearly died.

What would happen to Commercial B if—
Henderson never got sleepy?
Marion didn't show off?
Jenny never got angry?
Ida did not laugh during English?
Gray forgot to bob about when reciting?
Eva forgot to elevate her nose?
Ramsdale's hair was not red?
If Rose did not gossip.

The Editorial staff of the Camosun regret that offence should be taken to any of the items appearing in the Christmas number. There certainly was no intention on the part of any of our Reporters to say anything in malice, but all in jest.

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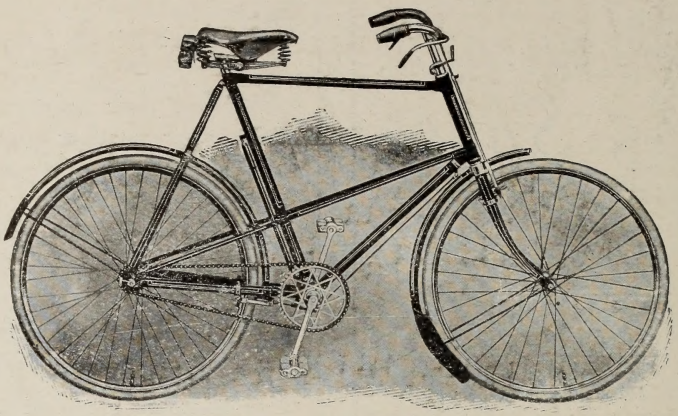

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and Butter for sale at all our Markets.

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PACIFIC MARKET, cor. Gov't and Broughton Sts. Phone 72
JAMES BAY MARKET, 147 Menzies St. - - - Phone 1689
FAIRFIELD MARKET, 255 Cook St. - - - Phone 2202
EMPIRE MARKET, 1031 Cook St. - - - - - Phone 3905
ALBERTA MARKET, 1804 Cook St. - - - Phone 1824
IDEAL MARKET, 2009 Fernwood Road. - - Phone 4685
OAK BAY MARKET, Oak Bay Av. & Foul Bay Rd. Phone 3855
WEST END MARKET, 416 Skinner St. - - Phone 4161R
BEAUMONT MARKET, Esquimalt. - - - Phone 2241L
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